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PLAINS CREE TALES.

BY ALANSON SKINNER.

THE following stories were obtained in the summer of 1913 on the Crooked Lake, Cowessess, Sakimay, and adjoining reserves in Saskatchewan. They were mainly narrated by Kéné, Andrew and Jacob Bear. The writer owes much to the kind assistance of the Rev. Hugh Mackay of the Round Lake Mission.

It will be observed that the spelling of the name of the culture-hero is not always consistent. This is due to the variation of pronunciation in different localities.

The stories are published by courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

I. TALES OF THE CULTURE-HERO.

(1) *The Big-Skunk, and the Origin of Wisakejäk.*

Once in winter there was a big camp of Indians. There was one Indian who knew about the weather, and he said that Big-Skunk would come to them. He warned every one. "No one will live," he said. "If he comes, he will destroy the children." So they sent one man out to see which way Big-Skunk was coming. They asked the birds that fly and the little beasts that run on foot, wolves, foxes, and even insects. There was a Mouse who volunteered to scout.

"What will you do to find him?" they asked.

Mouse answered, "I shall go under the snow from our camp, and I shall rise by his left foot. I shall be gone four nights."

The prophet then said, "Mouse will have to have a partner;" and another animal said, "I'll go." This was a weasel of the smallest kind.

"What will you do?" they asked Weasel.

"I shall do the same as Mouse. I shall follow him."

"Ahau! we shall be gone four nights, and in the morning at dawn I shall be here." So the prophet told the people to take care of themselves and not to get hurt.

They went, fleeing under the snow. "Sew all the children in bundles, and we will flee," said the people. So they gathered food and fled. Away they went under the snow. On the third night the prophet said, "To-morrow at dinner-time we shall find tracks." The Mouse said that Skunk knew that he was near, and told Weasel, "He will know you too." When they had dinner, they met Skunk. He was a person. While eating, the Big-Skunk made a huge fire to dry

his moccasins; and as the snow melted, Mouse and Weasel reached him. The fourth night, while warming his feet, Big-Skunk said to himself, "I believe he is quite near by. My foot trembles." He was afraid. Mouse just then reached a long foot, and told Weasel to look at it. Weasel looked, and saw that it was a really long foot. They were frightened, and fled back the same way they had come. Then Big-Skunk dressed, and came to one place where his foot had lain, and saw the hole left by the scouts under the snow. "Oh, you dirty things! you can't beat me," he cried. He ran along, searching for them. He broke the snow, and at intervals found traces of the tunnel by which they had come. The fourth night the fugitives reached home. Mouse and Weasel went to the chief and told him: so he cried, "*Waweih! takwucetûm*, — dress up, every one, and we will flee! Mouse has tracked Big-Skunk. He will destroy the children."

They went to the roughest hills and mountains. "At dinner tomorrow he will get to our old camp," said Mouse. They travelled till they came to a crooked creek, crossed a mountain, and there they camped. The prophet called a council. Mouse and Weasel had not been able to overcome Big-Skunk: so he took his pipe, and asked who would try next. The others were afraid; but Wolverine came forward, and said he would make the attempt.

"What can you do?" asked the prophet. "I will catch him by the buttocks, and hold him until some one comes and kills him." Lynx also volunteered.

"What can you do?" he was asked. "I will catch him by the neck and break it," said Lynx.

Wolverene said, "There is a beaver-house near here. I will break it, and stay in it and watch for him. I will fool him. I have a charm with which I can fool every one."

When dinner-time came, Wolverine broke the beaver-house, and the people left. Two old women were abandoned in the flight. One had an infant, her grandchild, which she was raising. The old woman said, "My grandchild, Big-Skunk is near by. I shall turn your back to my back, and we shall have two faces. Tell me when you see him coming. He will look like a man. If he catches us, he will search all over our bodies. Do not move. He will want to know what we are. If you move, he will kill you. After he has gone away, we can flee. We shall cut across the creek towards the camp. He will have to go farther."

The two fled, and left the other old woman behind. After a while Big-Skunk caught up to her. "Grandmother, are you tired out and left behind?" — "Yes, my grandchild, I am tired out. I cannot go any quicker. My legs are tired." The old woman was frightened.

"Why do you flee?" Big-Skunk asked. "I am afraid of Big-Skunk. He is terrible when he breaks wind."

Big-Skunk passed by, and destroyed her with his discharge. The other old woman saw him coming, and cried, "There is one thing that used to pity me," and she threw away her whetstone. "Let the mountains become as slippery as that!" she prayed, and, behold! a slippery mountain sprang up. Big-Skunk came to it.

"I suppose that is what my grandmother is trying. I cannot get up. I can beat it, though," he cried; and he turned around, discharged his fluid, and broke it. The old woman heard the report.

"The tanning-tool used to love me!" she screamed, and threw it behind her. Once more solid mountains grew up. Big-Skunk reached them.

"Oh, my grandmother is trying hard! She thinks I am weak!" he remarked, so he turned around and broke this also.

The little girl on her grandmother's back then cried, "He is coming!" and both fell down and lay as though dead. Big-Skunk came up, and said, "One of my grandmothers is dead here again. My grandmother is very poor when she is thrown away like this. I do not know what disease she has."

He turned her over and felt of her over and over again, to look for the wound of which she died, and in so doing found her privates. "That is where some one has stabbed my grandmother!" he exclaimed. "That was a large flat knife with which she was stabbed! They are very poor, alas! If it had been done long ago, she would smell bad," he mused. He thrust two fingers into her and smelled of them. "Oh, she must have died long ago! She is rotten already," he cried. He tried the little girl next, and said the same about her. Then Skunk went on. As soon as he had left, the others got up and fled.

At last he found Wolverine, who was working around the beaver-house. Wolverine called to him, "Let us dig out this beaver, brother-in-law!" They talked and argued as to when they should do it. Big-Skunk was watched by Wolverine all the time; and as soon as Big-Skunk turned, Wolverine bit his buttocks. Big-Skunk cried, "My brother-in-law, let me go! You are delaying me! I am traveling!"

Wolverene had the best of him, and began to cry through his teeth,¹ "Come on, I've got him by the part with which he kills us!"

"Listen," said all the people, "to what he says!"

They heard it distinctly, and ran to the spot. They stabbed Big-Skunk with their knives and spears, but it did not injure him. All this time Lynx did not appear. Big-Skunk only laughed as they chopped, but he could not be killed.

¹ Imitation of Wolverine's voice speaking through his teeth.

Then Weasel cried, "Where is Lynx?" — "Oh, he is in the camp!" answered the people. "Call him! I cannot hold Skunk any longer!"

They ran to Lynx. "Hurry up!" they cried; and Lynx answered, "I'll try first to see what I can do." He jumped up on the beaver-house. When half way up the house, he had a fit and could not go any farther. He tried four times before he reached the top; and he had fit after fit while they carried him to the place where Big-Skunk was. Then Big-Skunk was afraid. "O my brother-in-law! let me go! You are only holding me for nought. Your nephews are tired!" he exclaimed.

Lynx climbed a tree, but he had three fits before he reached the top. "Now," said Lynx, "I am going to spring."

The people cleared away; and Lynx pounced and bit Big-Skunk at the back of his neck, till he got hold of the sinew, and Big-Skunk fell and was stabbed. Then he was killed, and the people cut him up. Wolverine let go, and demanded two beavers as a reward. He said he would be crazy unless he got them, and rolled over in the snow. The men singed two beavers and gave them to Wolverine, who swallowed them. After that he recovered. Wolverine said, "There would be no people alive if I had not killed him." Big-Skunk was cut into pieces and thrown away. "The pieces will become skunks," said Wolverine. After that one could see little skunks running in all directions. Wolverine said, "I shall leave you now. I shall travel all over the country." As he left the place, he sang, "*Mici Cigak oso niki potea potcwa wo hu hu!*" ("I closed Big-Skunk's buttocks, wo hu hu!")

While travelling along, he met ten Wolves. They heard him as they were playing in the night. The oldest one said, "Listen to him, my children! I believe that is my eldest brother. He has a good song. If Big-Skunk had lived, there would have been no people. Well, watch for him, and run and say to him, 'My uncle, what are you saying?' and do not hurt him."

The Wolves raced to him, cornered him, and Wolverine fell down and arose as a man. Then, behold! he was Wisakejäk! The Wolves told him their father wanted to see him. Wisakejäk went to them, and asked, "What do you want?"

"My elder brother, what were you saying?" asked the old Wolf.

"Oh, I've cured Big-Skunk's buttocks, and now I am travelling through the country. I shall stop and camp with you for a while. I am lonely, for I am all alone."

Some time later Wisakejäk wanted to part with Wolf, and asked that one of his nephews be permitted to accompany him. Old Wolf told his youngest son to go with Wisakejäk.

Once upon a time, as they were travelling along, Wisakejäk was sad.

He said that he had bad dreams, and said, "My nephew, never go along the lake-shore. Do not run on the beach."

One time Wolf was thirsty. He forgot Wisakejäk's instructions and went to the lake. When he got there, he became crazy. All at once Wisakejäk found that Wolf was missing. He tracked him to the lake. Wisakejäk went about weeping, wailing, "O my younger brother! *hé, hé, hé!* — Grass, will you tell me where my nephew went last?"

"Well, he passed here," said Grass. He asked every living thing till he reached bare ground. Then he asked the Sun. The Sun said, "There is a little harbor near by with a sandy beach. There are four of them there; that is where they are. One of them is white. That is Lynx, who killed your nephew. Just about dinner-time the four come out on the point and sleep."

Wisakejäk went to the place at once. "I'll be a stick of driftwood," he said. So he lay on the beach. Soon the White-Lynx monster came out, and said, "Oh, that stick was never there before! Wisakejäk was said to have been real angry when we killed his nephew!"

Lynx was afraid to come ashore, and went back. Next day Wisakejäk came again. This time he turned into a tree on the beach. Three Great-Lynxes (*mitci pisiwák*) came out, and the white one refused to come ashore. "That tree was never there before. I fear it is Wisakejäk." The others said it had always been there, for they had played with it. So at last the white one came out. They put their tails around the tree and pulled four times, so that they nearly overthrew Wisakejäk. In the evening the Lynxes slept. The Sun told Wisakejäk to shoot the shadow of White-Lynx. Wisakejäk thought he would miss: so he decided he would have to shoot at Lynx, which he did, and missed. The White-Lynx came again next day; and Wisakejäk, who was still there, spanned his bow again. The Sun had told Wisakejäk again to shoot at the shadow; and Wisakejäk hesitated, but obeyed, and hit Lynx under the foreleg. Lynx sprang up, and fled into the water.

Then Wisakejäk went on weeping, but the monster White-Lynx did not come back. All at once Wisakejäk heard a noise. He went to it, wondering what it might be; and, lo! it was a big toad. When he came nearer, he saw that it was an old woman. He asked her, "Where are you going?"

"Oh, I am going to treat the White-Lynx, whom Wisakejäk shot between the ribs."

"Oh!" said Wisakejäk, and he killed her with a blow. He skinned her, put on her skin, took her rattle, and hopped along. He hopped into the lake. There was a trail under the water, and a little farther on he saw tents. The people were weeping. When they saw him, they said, "Oh, our old grandma is coming again!"

He went in. On entering, he saw his nephew's skin hanging on a pole. Tears came into his eyes. Then he entered another door, and there he saw White-Lynx. He saw an arrow in his side, and saw that White-Lynx was suffering. He walked around Lynx and went near him. Then an old woman said, "Oh, you have not done that way before!"—"Oh, I have to act differently to-day!" he replied. "I am going to take the arrow out this time." He had a pipe filled. "Now, shut the door. I shall smoke and take out the arrow now, but don't let any one look in." When this was done, others wondered why he wanted the door closed. Wisakejäk went up to Lynx, took the arrow-shaft in his hands, and pushed it into Lynx's heart as hard as he could. Then he seized the skin of his nephew and fled, tearing off his toad-skin disguise. The others were pursuing him. When they had nearly overtaken him, he reached the shore. Then he blew on Wolf and brought him back to life. They went about together once more.

About spring Wisakejäk knew that something was bound to happen. He informed all the animals that there would be a deluge. He ordered them to make a raft of logs. They lashed them together, and all went aboard. Then rain began to fall, and it rained continuously for twenty days. On the fortieth day the raft was floating high on the waters. All kinds of animals were aboard, — moose, deer, bear, and others. As they were floating about, Wisakejäk found that he had forgotten to take any earth with him, and asked all the animals to get some. He told Fish, but he failed. Then he asked Beaver, but he failed; then several other animals, but they all failed.

At last he asked Muskrat to dive down, and he brought up a little mud, but came up dead. Wisakejäk then resuscitated Muskrat. When the earth was brought up, Wisakejäk blew on it until it became land. It grew larger as he blew. After a while he sent Deer to run around it. Deer ran around it. Then different kinds of animals ran around it three times; the fourth time he sent the Wolf, who could run very fast. When the Wolf had reached the north, he had grown so old that he could not return.

Wisakejäk said to him, "The north country shall be yours to live in; and if any one asks you for anything, you shall give it to him right in his house. You will pity all the people here in this world."

He sent his nephew to the Sun. That one will never get older than his age was then. Wisakejäk had saved all the animals, and the earth was now large enough for all of them. He let them go, and went on travelling.

This was his origin. He gave himself his name when he fell down before the Wolves.

"The clubs are coming down, and this country is called North America."¹

¹ A typical conventional humorous ending for a story; just as the Menomini say, "And I came away, and didn't get anything to eat!"

(2) *Wisûkejak deceived by Bear, and Tree-Holders.*

Wisûkejak was travelling, when he met a Bear, and called him Nicim. He admired the Bear's little eyes, and said, "I wish my eyes were like yours! Can't you give me the same kind?" — "Oh, yes, elder brother! This is the way they are made. Have you any glue?" — "Yes," answered Wisûkejak. "Boil it thick. Now, come here and lie on your back!" ordered Bear.

Wisûkejak obeyed, and Bear dipped his paw in the glue and rubbed it over Wisûkejak's eyes. Then he did the same again, and said, "Lie still, I want to go a little ways to defecate. Lie still till I come back."

Wisûkejak kept quiet for a long time, but finally called, "O my younger brother, come back!" There was no answer: so he shouted louder, then tried to open his eyes, but, alas! they were glued tight. He fell in a rage, got up, walked, and soon ran into a tree.

"What sort of a tree are you?" he inquired. "Oh, I am an oak!" Wisûkejak went on until he bumped into another tree. "What sort are you?" — "Oh, I am a pine," it answered. So he went on, running against several others, until at last he came to a tree that stood on the brink of the water.

"Oh, what are you?" he asked. "Why, I am a mountain ash."

When the poor Wisûkejak heard this, he thought he was on the mountains. So he went on; but he fell into the river, because the tree lied. He played in the river until the water softened the glue and opened his eyes; but he was angry in his heart against the Bear, and said to himself, "I must kill him."

So all summer he kept asking the Ground, "Where did Bear pass?" but Ground said not a word until late in the fall, when there was a little snow on the earth; then it said, "Bear passed here."

So Wisûkejak made a sweat-bath there. He cut down willows, and bent and covered them. The Bear liked sweat-baths. Wisûkejak found him, and told him he had one, and Bear thought he would like to try it. So Wisûkejak coaxed him in, and killed him in the bath. He cut him up and cooked him. He spread out the meat, and said, "Now, what a fine feast I am going to have!"

Just then he heard a noise, and listened. "What is that? I thought I heard something." He tried to eat again, but the noise disturbed him; so he looked up, and saw one tree rubbing against another and making a noise. So he said, "I must stop this noise before I can eat." He cut off some fat, climbed the tree, and tried to put the fat between the trees; but they caught his hand, and he was stuck there. He sat there some time wondering what he could do. He had to stay all night. In the morning he was very hungry, and longed to get loose

and to eat the meat, for it smelled very good. He saw a wolf coming from far away, and called, "My nephew, come help me to get loose!" The wolf came, sniffed, and smelled something; and in a very short time it ate every scrap of the bear-meat and fled. Just then the wind began to blow, and Wisûkejak was released.

(3) *The Culture-Hero becomes a Swan.*

Wisûkejak went off walking again, and he came to a lake covered with swans. It was moulting-time, and the Swans were talking to each other. Wisûkejak called to them, "Let me be a swan!" and the Swans consented. "What age do you prefer? Do you want to be young or old?" they asked. "I wish to be an old swan."—"Would you like a broad bill?" asked the Swans. "No," replied Wisûkejak.

The Swans said, "You should have said so long ago. We have started to make you that way already." Then Wisûkejak became a swan with a broad bill. They soon gave warning that men were near. Wisûkejak flew off with the flock. He looked down, contrary to instructions, was shot, and fell. A man carried him toward home; but when he was nearly on shore, Wisûkejak jumped up. When Wisûkejak fell, he struck the ground beside an Indian village, and with such force that he was stunned. He had resumed his human form: so the Indians came out and staked him down, spread-eagle wise. The chief ordered that the people should defecate on him. At last came an old woman. When she had finished, Wisûkejak said to her, "Grandma, whenever they finish, they untie one of my hands, so I can cleanse them." The old woman loosed one of Nenapuc's ¹ hands, whereupon he snatched up a stick and plunged it into her, loosened himself, and ran away, leaving her on the spit.

(4) *The Culture-Hero is deceived by Fisher.*

Wisûkejak was travelling along the seashore. The ice was smooth, and he heard a sound way off. He looked, and saw Fisher coming, jumping from side to side of a crack. So he watched for the little beast. "What are you doing, my little brother? Let me do the same."—"All right, get a flat stone," said Fisher; so Wisûkejak brought one. Fisher cut his backside, took out his intestines and tied a stone to them. Fisher said, "Jump, and every crack will close." Wisûkejak tried to do so, but made a mistake, and said, "Crack will open," and in he fell. He crawled for the shore with his guts hanging out, attached to the stone. At last he reached the shore and went along on his travels.

¹ Wisûkejak, frequently called Nénapuc by Cree at Broadview, possibly in imitation of Saulteaux.

(5) *The Shut-Eye-Dance.*

It was fall, and fowls were flying. "I am bringing you a 'shut-eye-dance,' " Wisûkejak called to them. So he built a dance-tent, and invited birds to dance, warning them to keep their eyes shut. He said that if they opened their eyes, they would turn red. The ducks and geese obeyed. All the fat ones came nearer, and began to quack. He ordered them to give the same response; and all obeyed except Water-Hen, who opened one eye, and saw Wisûkejak killing the others. She cried, "Flee, flee, flee!" Wisûkejak kicked her, making her buttocks assume their present shape, and gave her a red eye for peeping. Then he travelled on.

(6) *Wolf-Tail Blankets.*

It was winter. Wisûkejak saw many wolves. "Nicim!" he called to one, "I want to be a wolf. Make me one, and I shall like you."

"What age do you wish to be, — a young or an old wolf, with hair on your back and feet?" He desired to be an old wolf, and so he was made one and ran on. The wolves looked for a camping-place, and made it where the north wind blew. Each wolf turned two or three times before lying down, and he followed their example. All the others went to sleep, but Wisûkejak felt very cold. His teeth chattered. He cried, "Cover me, brothers, cover me!" So they all turned and put their tails over him; and he was soon too warm, and pushed their tails aside because they discharged flatus on him. He threw off their tails and ran away, because of the foul smell.

On the following day they all went hunting, and found moose-tracks, and soon saw something. One of the Wolves picked it up, and it was a fine robe. Wisûkejak begged for it, but was refused. Presently he saw a tooth in a spruce-tree. A Wolf said to him, "Take it!"

"No, what should I do with it?" answered Wisûkejak. Therefore Wolf took it, and it proved to be a long spear. Then he begged for it, but was refused. They came to the place where the moose was, but there were only bones there: so Wisûkejak, disgusted, gave his share to Wolves. "One of your nephews is going to make grease by pounding the bones," said the old Wolf, "but do not look at him."

Wisûkejak listened, heard, and thought he would look. A splinter hit him in the eye. "Oh," Wolf said, "you're peeping!" — "No, I was not," he replied. Soon it was his turn to pound the bones. All the Wolves lay down while he pounded, for they were not to look. They went to sleep. Then Wisûkejak hit the one who hit him in the eye, and kept on pounding him until only his tail could move. Wisûkejak then resumed his journey.

(7) The Culture-Hero and the Cannibal.

Wisûkejak travelled on. He met a Cannibal; and they went on together, looking for a place to camp. They soon found one, and the Cannibal sent Wisûkejak to cut eight sticks to roast him. Wisûkejak brought seven, and wept. The Cannibal sent him for another stick; and on his way he met Weasel, whom he begged to kill the Cannibal, promising to make Weasel pretty. Weasel went, and ran into the Cannibal's backside. Wisûkejak got the stick; and when he returned, he found the Cannibal dead, for Weasel had killed him. Wisûkejak was pleased. Therefore he painted Weasel white, with a dark tip on his tail. Then he went on travelling.

(8) The Culture-Hero outwits Bear.

As he went along, he saw a Bear, and shouted, "Who is that with the humped back?" Bear heard him, and asked, "What do you say?" — "Oh, I was speaking to the little birds!" replied Wisûkejak; and he called again. Again Bear asked, and received the same answer. At last Bear understood what he said, and chased Wisûkejak, who ran away, because he had no weapon. He ran around a bush, and then he found a horn: so he turned and faced Bear, holding it on his head. Bear fled, and Wisûkejak went on his way.

(9) The Deluge.

While he was travelling along, he heard a noise, and turned to find the waters rising. He fled, and climbed into a tall tree. The water rose to his neck, and he could see nothing but water. Then he discovered a beaver and a muskrat. "Nishimûk, come here!" he called. So they came. He begged them to dive and bring him a little mud. First the beaver tried, then the rat. After many trials, the rat got a little sand, and Wisûkejak formed the earth.

(10) The Hero and his Daughters.¹

Wisûkéjak travelled on. He came to a tent filled with women, and cried, "I have news, people are dying!" One of the women begged to know what she could do to escape death. Wisûkejak told her to accept him as her lover. He had children by all of them, and went on, leaving a son and a daughter. He told the women, "I shall become sick and die. Marry our daughter to the first person who comes along. Bury me anywhere, break camp, and when you come back you will only find my bones." But he deceived them and only went into hiding. The people came back, and found bones, but he was alive.

¹ I have heard this story from a Sisseton Sioux.

After a while a stranger came to camp; and the mother, remembering her husband's command, gave him her daughter. It was Wisûkejak who married his own daughter. He went off to hunt with his own son, calling him brother-in-law. His wife, when hunting lice on his head, saw a mark by which she recognized her own father. Then he was driven away. He went south, where he heard children laughing, and asked, "What is the news that amuses you?" — "Oh, haven't you heard? Wisûkejak married his own daughter."

So he went on south, where he is still living.

(11) *The Hero eats his own Flesh.*¹

Wisakéjâk was travelling. His anus annoyed him by constantly breaking wind just when he was approaching game, and thus alarming the quarry. Enraged at this, Wisakéjâk heated a stone and sat on it, burning himself severely. Later on, when the wound began to heal, one of the scabs fell off in the snow. Wisakéjâk was going back over the same ground, and he found it. "Oh, my grandfather has been killing game, so my grandmother has plenty of smoked meat," he said, and, picking it up, he began to eat it. A little bird near by was convulsed with mirth. "Oh, Wisakéjâk is eating the scab from his anus!" he cried.

Wisakéjâk did not believe it. "No, this is some of my grandmother's dried meat," he retorted. But the bird told him the same several times, till at last Wisakéjâk hit a place where the foul taste and odor proclaimed the fact. In disgust he threw the scab away and set off on his travels once more.

(12) *Wisagatcak tries to seduce a Girl.*

Wisagatcak believes he sees a girl on the other side of a river, and asks the Muskrat to carry his lariat (i.e., his membrum) across. He hurts it by striking the stones and pebbles, on account of which the gland of the membrum virile is thick. The girl proves to be a fresh-water clam.

(13) *Wisûkéjâk: The Magic Arrow.*

Wisûkéjâk was travelling, when he heard a peculiar noise somewhere ahead of him. Anxious to learn what it could be, he went towards it. The first day he did not reach it, nor was he successful on the second, but on the third he found a man making an arrow. "That must be an important weapon, you are taking so long to make it!" cried Wisûkéjâk. "Oh, yes! you are right," returned the stranger. "This

¹ Andrew Bear, who told this story, could not recall the beginning. It probably is the conclusion of the Shut-Eye-Dance, judged by the cycle as found elsewhere.

is a medicine-arrow. When I am finished, all that I shall have to do is to shut my eyes, wish for whatever game I desire, pull the bow-string, and there it will lie before me when I re-open my eyes!" — "Oh, *wa!*" exclaimed Wisûkéjâk, "how truly marvellous! Do give it to me, my little brother!" — "Oh, no! I want it for myself," returned the stranger, who was a manitou. "Oh, do please give it to me, Nicim!" pleaded Wisûkéjâk. "Well, I will do so, since you beg so hard," said the stranger at last, "but only on condition that you will first let me shoot you with it three times." — "Yes, let it be so!" answered Wisûkéjâk. So he stood up and permitted the stranger to fire.

"Oh, *wa!*" cried Wisûkéjâk, for it knocked him down. A second and third time the stranger shot at him. Poor Wisûkéjâk was almost killed; but the arrow was his at last, so he took it and went away.¹

Presently Wisûkéjâk closed his eyes and thought, "I wish for a deer." He pulled the string and fired, and, lo and behold! there it was. "Oh, this is a fine thing that I have!" he thought. He went on a little farther. "I wish for a bear," he thought, and fired. Then he opened his eyes, but the arrow never came back.

(14) *Wisûkejâk deceives the Buffalo.*²

Wisûkejâk was travelling when he saw two buffalo, — an old bull and a young bull. The buffalo well knew Wisûkejâk, and they were too much afraid of him to let him come near. As Wisûkejâk was only armed with a butcher-knife, he resolved to capture them by strategy. He went off through the bushes, carved two figures of men out of poplar-wood, and set them up as though in mortal combat. Then Wisûkejâk ran to the buffalo.

"*Hai! actûm*, my little brothers!" he cried, "here are two men fighting on your account! One of them says the old bull has the most evil-smelling membrum, the other declares that it is the young bull. Only let me smell of both of you and tell them. It may save their lives!"

Of course, the buffalo were willing: so Wisûkejâk crawled under the old bull and smelled of him. "Why, you scarcely smell at all!" he said, and went over to the young one. He crouched under him as though to investigate, but instead he stabbed him and thus got food.

2. WEMICUS.

Once an old man was out hunting with his son-in-law. The young man was afraid of his father-in-law. Therefore that night, after

¹ Presumably the narrator has omitted to add that Wisûkéjâk was enjoined not to shoot more than three times in one day, or not to shoot upwards.

² Told by Andrew Bear.

they had gone to bed, he changed the positions of their clothes, putting his own in the place of his father-in-law's.

After a while the old man got up to attend to the fire, and while doing so he threw what he thought were his son-in-law's garments into the fire. In reality he burned his own. "Get up, son-in-law!" cried the old man, "it smells as if something was burning!" — "Oh, yes!" answered the youth, arising, "it is your clothes!"

In the morning the old man told a story: "Once a youth and his father-in-law were travelling together. Through accident the elder burnt his clothes; but the young man, who had two pairs of moccasins, gave one pair to his father-in-law." — "Oh, no! I won't give *you* any," retorted the youth, and he started home.

The old man heated a stone and endeavored to roll it before him, that he might melt a path for himself; but he gave it up, and froze to death.

3. MŪDJĪKIWIS.

Once upon a time the Indians were camping. They had ten lodges. There were ten of them; and the eldest brother, Mŭdjĭkiwis, was sitting in the doorway. It was winter, and all the Indians had their side-bags on; and every day they went off and hunted in the direction which they faced as they sat. Mŭdjĭkiwis always took the lead, and the others followed. Once when he came home to his camp, he saw smoke just as he crossed the last hill. When he approached the lodge, he saw a pile of wood neatly stacked by the door. He himself had always cooked the dinner; and when he saw it ready, he was very glad. "There is surely a girl here!" he thought. "There must be some one who has done this!"

He had many brothers younger than himself. "Maybe some one is trying to marry them, or some girl wants me!"

When he arrived at the lodge, he saw a girl's pigeon-toed tracks, and he was delighted. "It *is* a girl!" he cried, and he rushed in to see her, but there was no one there. The fire was just started, the meat cooked and ready, and water had been drawn. Some one had just finished work when he came. There were even ten pairs of moccasins hanging up. "Now, at last, there is some one to sew for us! Surely one of us will get married!" he thought, and he also thought that he would be the fortunate one. He did not touch anything, but left everything as he had found it for his brothers to see.

After a while the brother next to him in age came in. He looked up and saw all the moccasins, and he too was very glad. Then Mŭdjĭkiwis said, "I do not know which of us is going to be married. A girl has just left here, but I cannot tell who she is, and there are ten of us. One of us is loved by some one!" They soon were joined by the third,

and then by the fourth brother, and the fire was out by that time. The youngest brother was the most handsome one of the family. "If one of us should marry, Mûdjîkiwis, we shall have to hunt hard and not let our sister-in-law hunger or be in need," he said. "I shall be very glad if we have a sister-in-law. Don't let her chop wood, she cannot attend to all of us. We just want her to cook and mend our clothes."

At night they were all crying, "*Hé, hé, hé!*" until dark came, because they were so glad. "I cannot attend to all my brothers, and I do not need to do so any more!" cried Mûdjîkiwis.

The next day nine went off, and left the youngest brother on guard to see the girl. Mûdjîkiwis came back first, and found that the tenth boy had not been taken. "Oh, well! leave our ninth brother next time," he said. "Then we will try it once more with our eighth brother."

Three of them then kept house in succession, but the woman did not come. They then left the fifth one, and said, "If no one comes, make dinner for us yourself." Soon after they had left, some one came along making a noise like a rattle (*cicikwan*), for she had bells on her leggings.

"Oh, she shall not know me!" said the youth. "I shall be a bit of eagle-down," and he flew up between the canvas and the poles of the lodge. Presently the girl entered. She had very long hair, and was very pretty. She took the axe and went out to cut wood, and soon brought in four armfuls. Then she made the fire, took down the kettles, and prepared dinner. When she had done so, she melted some snow, took another armful of wood, and started another fire. After she had finished, she called to the youth to come down from his hiding-place. "Maybe you think I don't know you are up there," she said. So he came down and took a seat with her by the fire.

When Mûdjîkiwis came home, he saw another big pile of wood. When he came near, he cried, "*Hé, hé, hé!*" to show that he was well pleased. "I could not attend to the needs of my brothers," he shouted, "I could not cook for them, and I could not provide my relatives with moccasins!" He entered the door and bent down, for Mûdjîkiwis had on a fisher-skin head-band with an eagle-quill thrust in behind. As he came in, he saw a pretty girl sitting there. When he sat down, he said, "*Hai, hai, hai!* The girl is sitting like her mother." He pulled off his shoes and threw them to his youngest brother, and received a fine pair of moccasins from his sister-in-law. He was delighted, and cried, "*Hai, hai, hai!*" Soon all the other brothers came back, all nine of them, and each received new moccasins.

Mûdjîkiwis said, "I have already advised you. Do not let our sister-in-law chop wood or do any hard work. Hunt well, and do not let her be hungry." Morning came, and Mûdjîkiwis was already half

in love with his sister-in-law. He started out, pretending that he was going to hunt, but he only went over a hill and stopped there. Then he wrapped his blanket around himself. It was winter, and he took some mud from under the snow and rubbed it over his forehead and on his hat-band. He had his ball-headed club with him, which had two eyes that winked constantly. Soon he saw his sister-in-law, who came out to chop wood. He went to speak to her, but the girl had disappeared. Soon she came back. There was one pile of wood here, and one there. Mûdjîkiwis stopped at the one to the west. He had his bow, his arrows, and his club with him. He held his club on the left arm, and his bow and arrow on the right arm, folded his arms across his breast, and was smiling at her when she came up. "O my brother-in-law! I don't want to do that," she cried.

Then Mûdjîkiwis was angry because she scorned him. He took an arrow and shot her in the leg, and fled off to hunt. That night he returned late, last of all. As he came close to the lodge, he called out, "*Yohâ, yohâ!* what is wrong with you? You have done some kind of mischief. Why is there no wood for our sister-in-law?" He went in. "What is wrong with our sister-in-law, that she is not home?" he demanded. His brother then said, "Why are you so late? You used to be the first one here."

Mûdjîkiwis would not speak in reply. The married brother came in last. The young brother was tired of waiting, and asked each, "You did not see your sister-in-law, did you?" The others replied, "Mûdjîkiwis came very late. He never did so before."

"I shall track my wife," said the husband. So he set off in pursuit of her. He tracked her, and found that she had brought one load of wood. Her second trail ended at a little lodge of willows that she had made, and where she was. She cried to him, "Do not come here! Your brother Mûdjîkiwis has shot me. I told him I did not want to receive him, and then he shot me down. Do not come here! You will see me on the fourth night. If you want to give me food, put it outside the door and go away, and I shall get it."

Her husband went home, as she commanded. After that the youth would bring her food, after hunting, every night. "It is well. Even though our brother shot my wife, I shall forgive him, if I can only see her after four nights," he said. The third night he could hardly stay away, he wanted to see her so badly. The fourth day at dawn he went to the lodge; and as he drew near, she cried, "Do not come!" but he went in, anyway, and saw her there. "I told you not to come, but you could not restrain yourself. When your brothers could not attend to themselves, I wished to help them," she cried. So he went home satisfied, since he had seen her. They breakfasted, and he started out again with food for her. She had gone out, for he found her tracks,

little steps, dabbled with blood. Then he went back home, and said to his brothers, "My brothers, I am going to go after my wife."

He dressed, and followed her footprints. Sometimes he ran, and at sunset he wanted to camp. So he killed a rabbit; and as he came out of the brush, he saw a lodge. "*Hé*, my grandchild!" called a voice, "you are thinking of following your wife. She passed here at dawn. Come in and sit down! Here is where she sat before you." He entered, and found an old woman, who told him to sit in the same place where his wife had sat. He gave her the rabbit he had shot, as he was really hungry. "Oh, my grandchild must be very hungry!" she cried, "so I shall cook for him," said the old crone. Her kettle was no larger than a thimble. She put in one morsel of meat and one little berry. The youth thought that was a very small allowance, when he was really hungry.

"O my grandchild!" the old woman said aloud in answer to his thoughts, "no one has ever eaten all my kettle holds. You are wrong if you think you won't get enough of this."

But he still thought so, and did not believe her. After the food was cooked, she said, "Eat, *noxis!*" and gave him a spoon. He took out the piece of meat and the berry; but when he had eaten it, the kettle was still full. He did this many times over. When he had finished, he had not eaten it all, yet he had enough. Then the grandmother told him that he had married one of ten sisters.

"They are not real people," she said, "they are from way up in the skies. They have ten brothers. There are three more of your grandmothers on the road where you are going. Each will tell you to go back, as I advised you; but if you insist, I will give you two bones to help you climb over the mountains."

Now, this old woman was really a moose, and not a human grandmother at all. "If you get into difficulties, you must cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' and use these two front shin-bones of the moose that I gave you." He slept there, and in the morning she gave him breakfast from the same kettle. When he was through, she said, "Do not walk fast. Even if you rest on the way, you will reach your next grandmother in the evening. If you walk as fast as you can, you will get there at night."

He followed the trail as fast as he could, for he did not believe his grandmother. In the evening he killed a rabbit; and when he came out of the brush, there stood another lonely lodge, as before.

"O my grandchild! there is room in here for you to come in," cried a voice. "Your wife passed here early yesterday morning." Yet he had travelled two days. "She came in here!"

The old woman cooked for him in the same way as his other grandmother had done. Again he did not believe in her kettle, for he had

already forgotten about his first grandmother. This grandmother was older than the first one whom he had left, and who was the youngest of the four grandmothers he was to meet. They were all sisters. "Why did you not believe my sister when she told you to go slowly? When you go fast, you make the trail longer. *Hau, nosis!* it is a difficult country where you are going," she cried. She gave him a squirrel-skin, saying, "Use this, *nosis*, whenever you are in difficulties. 'Where is my grandmother?' you shall say. This is what makes everything easy. You will cry, and you will throw it away. You will not leave me till the morning."

So very early next day he started off. He went very slowly; and in a few minutes it was night, and he killed another rabbit. When he came out of the brush, he saw another lodge, a little nearer than the others, and less ragged. The old woman said to him, "Your wife passed here the same morning that she left up there;" and this grandmother made supper for him, as the others had done. This time the food was corn. "*Nosis*, your last grandmother, who is my sister, will give you good advice. Your wife has had a child already. Go very slowly, and you will reach there at night; it is not far from here. It is a very difficult country where you are going. Maybe you will not be able to get there." She gave him a stuffed frog and some glue. "Wherever the mountains are too steep for you to climb, cry, 'Where is my grandmother?' put glue on your hands, and climb, and you will stick to the rocks. When you reach your next grandmother, she will advise you well. Your child is a little boy."

In the morning he had breakfast, and continued on the trail. He went on slowly, and it was soon night, and he killed another rabbit. When he reached the next lodge, nearer than all the rest, his grandmother said, "They have been saying you would be here after your wife, she passed here four days ago at dawn."

The youth entered the tent, and found that this grandmother was a fine young girl in appearance. She said, "To-morrow at noon your wife is going to be married, and the young men will all sit in a circle and pass your child around. The man upon whom he urinates will be known as his father, and she will marry him." The old woman took off her belt, rolled it up nicely, and gave it to him. "This is the last one that you will use," she said. "When you are in trouble, cry out, 'Where is my grandmother?' and throw the belt out, and it will stick up there, so you can climb up to the top. Before noon you will reach a perpendicular precipice like a wall. Your wife is not of our people. She is one of the Thunderers."

That night the youth camped there. In the morning he had food. "If you manage to climb the mountain somehow," his grandmother said to him before he started, "you will cross the hill and see a steep

slope, and there you will find a nest. There is one egg in it. That is a Thunderer's nest. As you come down, you will strike the last difficult place. There is a large log across a river. The river is very deep, and the log revolves constantly. There you will find a big camp, headed by your father-in-law, who owns everything there. There is one old woman just on this side. She is one of us sisters, she is the second oldest of us. You will see bones strewn about when you get there. Many young men go there when they are looking for their wives, and their bones you will see lying about. The Thunderer destroys everything. Some have been cut in halves when they tried to get over the cut-knife mountain."

When the youth came to the mountain, he took first the two bones, and cried, "O grandmother! where are you?" and as he cried, she called from far off, "*Hê, nosis*, do not get into trouble!" He drove the bones into the mountain and climbed up hand over hand, driving them in as he climbed. The bones pierced the rock. When he looked back, he saw that he was far up. He continued until the bones began to grow short, and at last he had to stop. Then he took out the squirrel-hide, called upon his grandmother for help, and threw the skin ahead. He went up in the air, following it. All at once he stopped, and his nails wore out on the rock as he slipped back. Then he took the glue out of its bundle. He cried for his grandmother, and heard her answer. She had told him that he would find a hollow at one place, and there he rested on a ledge when his glue gave out. Then he called for his next grandmother, heard her answer, and cast out his belt, unrolling it. Then he climbed up the sharp summit. He felt of the edge, which was very sharp indeed. Then he became a piece of eagle-down. "The eagle-down loved me once. I shall be it, and blow over the ledge," he cried.

When he got across, he saw the Thunderer's nest and the two Thunderers and their egg. He found a trail from there on, until he came to the rolling log that lay across the deep river. Then he became down again, and blew across; and though many others had been drowned there, he crossed alive. He went on, and at last saw a small, low lodge with a little stone beside it. His last grandmother had told him to enter, as this was the abode of one of her sisters. So he went in.

"Ha, ha, ha, *nosis*!" she cried, "they said a long time ago that you were following your wife. She is to be married right now." — "Yes," he said. The marriage was to be in a lodge. He went there, peeped in, and a man saw him, who said, "Are you coming in? Our chief says he will pass the child about, and he on whose breast it urinates shall marry its mother." So he went in. The girl saw him, and told her mother. "Oh, that is the one I married."

When he arrived there, Mûdjikiwis (not the youth's brother, but

another one, a Thunderer) was there too. They took the child, and one man passed it. Mûdjîkiwis, the Thunderer, held some water in his mouth. He seized the child, crying, "Come here, *nosis!*" and spat the water over himself; but, when he tried to claim the child, all the others laughed, as they had seen his trick. When the child's real father took it up, it urinated on him. Then all went out. The chief said, "Do not let my son-in-law walk about, because he is really tired. He shall not walk for ten days."

His father-in-law would go off all day. Hanging in the lodge the youth saw his brother's arrow, with which his wife had been shot. The father-in-law would burn sweet-grass for the arrow at the rare intervals when he came back, for he would be off for days at a time. On the fifth night the youth felt rested, and could walk a little. Then he asked his wife, "Why does your father smoke that arrow?" and she answered, "Oh, we never see those things up here. It is from below, and he thinks highly of it; therefore he does so."

On the sixth night he was able to walk around in the brush; and he came to a spring, where he found, on the surface of the water, a rusty stain with which he painted his face. He returned, and, as he was entering, his father-in-law cried, "Oh, that is why I want a son-in-law that is a human being! Where did he kill that bear? He is covered with blood. Go and dress it," he ordered. The youth was frightened, as he had not seen any bear at all. "You people that live below," his wife said, "call them *Mici Pisi* [Giant Panthers]. Show your brothers-in-law where it is." The youth took his brother-in-law to the spring. "Here is where I found the Panther," he said.

The ten Thunderers came up and struck the spring, and killed something there. After that the youth looked for springs all the time, and it came to pass that he found a number. One day he asked his wife, "Why does your father go away for whole days at a time?" and his wife said, "There is a large lake up here, and he hunts for fish there. He kills one every day, seldom two. He is the only one that can kill them."

The next morning the youth went to the lake, and found his father-in-law sitting by the shore fishing. The old man had a peculiar spear, which was forked at the end. The youth took it, and put barbs on it, so that the old man was able to catch a number of fish quickly. Then they went home. When they arrived, his father-in-law said, "My son-in-law has taken many of them. I myself can only kill one, and sometimes two."

So he told all the people to go and get fish and eat them freely. On the following day, the young man, according to his mother-in-law's wish, took his wife to fish. They took many fish, and carried them home. The father-in-law knew, before they returned, that they had caught many.

The old man had had a dream. When he saw how the youth prepared the spear which his daughter had given him, he said, referring to his dream, "My dream was wrong. I thought the youngest of the ten liked me the best. I made the spear in the way I saw it, not as this one has shown me. It is due to my dream that it is wrong. Your nine brothers are having a hard time. Now, my sons, your sisters are going away soon to be married."

For nine nights the youth saw a dim light at a distance. The father-in-law said to him, "Do not go there, for a powerful being lives there." The tenth night, however, the youth disobeyed this injunction. When he reached there, he saw a tall tree, and a huge porcupine that was burrowing at the foot of the tree. The porcupine struck the tree, and tried to kill it by shooting its quills into it. After the porcupine had shot off all its quills, the youth knocked it on the head, took two long quills from the tree, and carried them home. Even before he got there, his father-in-law knew what had happened. They were delighted, for they said that the porcupine would kill the Thunderers when they tried to attack it. The father-in-law went out, and called to his sons to go and dress the porcupine that the youth had killed. The latter gave the two quills to his wife, though his father-in-law wanted them. The father-in-law said, "My children, this porcupine killed all our friends when they went to war against it. My sons-in-law below are miserable and lonely."

The eldest of the daughters, who was called Mûdjikiskwe'wic, was delighted at the news. "You will marry the oldest one, Mûdjikiwis," she was told. They were all to be married in order, the eldest girl to the eldest brother, the youngest to the youngest one. The old man said, "Mûdjikiskwe'wic shall take her brother-in-law with her when she goes down to the earth." The young women went down. Sh-swsh! went Mûdjikiskwe'wic (the girl) with her dress. They reached the steep place, and the married women said to her husband that they would fly around. "If you do not catch me when I fly past, you will be killed here." The women went off a little ways, and a heavy thunderstorm arose, big black clouds and lightning, yet he saw Mûdjikiskwe'wic in it. She was green, and so was the sun; and as they passed, she shouted once, then again a little nearer, and again close by. Then he jumped off and caught her by the back. He closed his eyes as he did so, and did not open them until the Thunderer wife said, "Now let go!" Then he found himself at home. He left the girls behind, and went to the lodge and opened the door a little.

As soon as he was inside, he said, "My brothers, I am here!" They were lying in the ashes around the fire. "The Canada Jays always make me angry when they say that," they retorted, and they threw a handful of ashes towards the door. "My brothers, I am coming!"

he said again. "Ah! that is what the Crows say to make us angry," retorted the rest, and they threw ashes towards the door. "My brothers, I am coming!" he declared. "Ah! that is what the Chickadees say to make us angry," cried they, and threw ashes once more. Then for the fourth time he cried, "My brothers, get up!" Then Mûdjikiwis cried, "Look up! See who it is! They never say that four times!"

They looked up, and their eyes were swollen from weeping on account of their brother. They were covered with ashes. When they opened their eyes, they saw their fifth brother restored. "Arise, wash your faces, and fix camp!" said he. "I have brought sisters-in-law with me."

Mûdjikiwis was glad to hear this, and he and the others began to decorate themselves. They took white earth from crawfish-holes, and painted their faces with it. Mûdjikiwis seized his winking war-club, and they made the lodge larger by spreading the poles. Then the fifth brother called the sisters-in-law, and they all came in. The fifth son told Mûdjikiskwe'wic that the youngest of the sisters should come in first, she herself last, although it would have been proper for the eldest brother to receive his wife first. "Do not come in till I call you, saying, 'Now, come! my brothers are tired waiting.'" Mûdjikiskwe'wic promised to obey.

Mûdjikiwis sat with his head in his hands, and peeped at each girl. He saw them sit by his brothers, until every one but he was furnished with a wife. Then there was a pause. Mûdjikiwis began to weep, and he sniffed audibly. At last the fifth brother had pity on him, and called the girl in. She came in with a swishing sound of rustling clothing. Then Mûdjikiwis was very glad.

"What shall we feed them on?" said one. "Let me see!" said Mûdjikiwis, and he took his winking club and went out, and clubbed a bear right there. "O wife! we shall have a meal of bear-meat!" he cried. Mûdjikiskwe'wic replied, "Oh, you are hunting my younger brother!" — "Oh, I did not mean to kill my brother-in-law," retorted the other.

And they are married to-day, and live where the sun does not shine.

4. A MITÉWIWIN TALE.

Only the old people belonged to the Mitéwiwin, and they could not obtain it right by dreams. Long ago people did not have it. It came from the east. The Cree once lived across a river from the Saulteaux. The Saulteaux were going to have a Mitéwiwin ceremony, and the Cree who did not know the ceremony crossed to witness it. There was a doorkeeper of the lodge. He saw them peeping in, and told the old man who was leader. The old man was glad, and said, "We will eat them, let us ask them in!" They did so, and the Cree boys

innocently went in. One boy, who wore a white shell about his neck, was their leader. When one Mitéwiwin dance began, a Saulteaux shot one of the boys, and he fell down dead, full of blood. Their leader was frightened. Then the dancers shot him, and brought him back to life with a shell, singing, "Ho-ho-ho-ho!"

The Cree boys never had seen this before, and wondered what would happen next. Soon they were asked to perform; so they made big snakes come, and all the performers fled except the servant (Skaupéwis), who could not flee. Then the old people came back, sang a Miteo song, and the Cree boys did the same. They shot the old man, and he fell. At first they refused to take out their shell arrows; but the Saulteaux made them presents, and the youths did so. They had various kinds of bags, but the Cree boys had otter-skins. The Cree feared that their boys would be killed; but they came home, and on the way they found two sticks and a drum by the river. First they went to their fathers' lodges, beckoned, and said, "Cook something!" Each father made a feast, and the boys taught their fathers what they had seen. The boys asked one another what the old man on the other side meant when he spoke of eating them. "I suppose he meant to kill us! Let us kill him before sunrise!" they said. So the boys tried to kill four leaders of the Saulteaux, and succeeded.

Sick persons, women and children, join the Mitéwiwin to be cured.

5. DWARFS.

A Cree once had an experience with the Memegwéciwûg, or dwarfs. His nets were constantly robbed of fish, and he thought that it must be done by the dwarfs. One day he and his companions caught them in a fog. They had a little canoe and paddles, and were stealing fish. They talked through their noses; but the Cree could understand them, and asked them not to take any more fish. The Indians gave them some meat and let them go. The Memegwéciwûg pointed their canoe right at a cut bank on the river, and paddled into it. Presently they threw back the meat, and were heard to laugh; but they never stole any more fish.

6. LOUD-VOICE'S MEDICINE.

The old chief of Loud-Voice's band used to go naked into the hills and bring medicines to the people. He obtained his medicine from a spring. Loud-Voice once took his son to the spring, which is located between the hills. He told his son to go with him, but the young man was afraid. Then Loud-Voice sang. The Horned-Snake sent up bubbles, and Loud-Voice went in and got its scales for medicine.

Once, when the Indians were camped about ten or twelve miles from Round Lake, in January, Loud-Voice said, "Let us go back to-morrow to Round Lake! I want to see my grandfather for the last time."

The band went back. Ice covered the lake, but on the following morning they heard a thunder-like noise. The ice broke and moved in the bay. Then great brass horns appeared above the surface, and Loud-Voice waded in up to his neck. The Horned-Snake told him then that he was near enough. He seized its horns and scraped off some scales in presence of all the people. That was the last time that Loud-Voice ever called on his guardian.

7. LOUD-VOICE'S VISIT TO THE OTHER WORLD.

Once an old man named Loud-Voice died, but came back to life. He found a wide trail which led to a fine place where everything was pleasant. Loud-Voice had a wife and several children; and he told them that he always met his brother-in-law whenever he went there, and that his brother-in-law coaxed him to stay. Once, after a quarrel with his wife, the old man took out his fire-bag and steel and went out. He said, "Perhaps you will miss something before long."

His wife told her sons what had happened; and they looked for their father, but could not find him, though they heard his drum. His sons called for him by means of the sound of the water-drum and by songs, while they prepared a feast for him. Their fourth song reached the old man, who was with his brother-in-law. The ghosts tried to keep him with them; but he covered his head with a robe, became a snake, and went back to his camp. The dead brother-in-law saw how old Loud-Voice had escaped through a hole in the earth. He too became a snake; but Loud-Voice saw him, and when he came to a log, he turned into a fly. The brother-in-law passed him, came back to the tree, and again passed the place, weeping, where Loud-Voice was in hiding.

The boys were singing their songs, and Loud-Voice's wife was dancing, when he returned in the shape of an owl. Nearer and nearer he came, and alighted on a lodge-pole. He could not come down, and he cried, "Put grease into the fire, and I will come." They did so, and he cried, "O my brother-in-law that kept me!" and became a man once more. He smoked, and then asked for water.

"The ghosts made me eat too much," he declared; and he vomited berries, though it was winter.

The Plains Cree do not believe that there is a river to cross in order to get to the land of the souls. The old people say that there are two kinds of souls. One leaves the body and goes to heaven, the other stays near the body after death. This is also the belief of the Menomini.

8. A WAR STORY.

A few real *akitcitan* went out to fight till death, and one of them was killed whose wife was very handsome; for, as a brave man, he had

the right to choose among the girls. A good-looking young man went to the widow, although she was older than he. The woman said her husband had been handsome and strong, and that she did not care to marry again. Therefore the chief's son was ashamed, and went off secretly to the Rocky Mountains without telling any one. When he reached there, he found a well-beaten trail just made. He saw a Blackfoot girl coming on horseback, and sat down to wait for her. When she came near and saw him, she liked him at once. Therefore she did not flee. The man took the horse by the bridle, pulled her from the saddle, and sat down beside her. Just as he sat down, a youth came riding up to them unawares. The Cree shot the young man as he rode up, took his horse, jumped on, took the girl along, and rode home.

About sundown he saw a big band coming. They were Blackfeet with stolen horses on the warpath. The two hid in a bush. The war-party pitched their tents and went to sleep. That night he made signs to the girl to wait for him, took his knife, and walked toward the camp. There were six in the war-party. He cut the throats of all six before they awoke, took their horses, put on the saddles, tied on the rifles, cut off the six heads, and went off. On his way home, towards night, he met twelve more Blackfeet with forty stolen horses. He attacked them also while they were asleep. Those who awoke he killed with their own clubs. He took their horses, and fled with their guns and heads.

On his way home he camped several times, came to a high hill, and saw two men on horses looking about. Then he hid all the horses in a hollow, and went towards the two strangers. When near by, he recognized them, for they were two Crees from home. "Your father is so lonely, you would not know him. He thinks you are dead." He asked them to tell his father that he was coming home with a wife. They started, and he went back for his horses and his wife, and all his father's men and women rode out to meet him. His father gave him half of his land and half of his possessions, and the youth became a chief, — the greatest of all the chiefs on the plains.

9. KICON.¹

Once an old couple lived way off in the bush near a lake. They had one horse. The old man killed many fish; but once for four days he did not catch any. Then he caught a sucker in his net. The fish spoke to him as he was about to kill it. "Hold on! do not kill me! Cut my head and tail off; split the head and give it to your wife to eat, the other half give to your mare; the tail split in two, and feed it to your dog, plant the other half in the garden." The next day the old

¹ Petit-Jean, a European tale (see p. 330, note 1).

man went to his nets. They were overloaded with fish. Hurrying home, he saw that his wife had given birth to two boys, each bearing a golden star on the forehead. They were alike in every way. He ran to the stable, and found that his mare had two spotted colts of the same color; then he ran to his dogs and found two little spotted pups. He hurried over to the garden and found two swords growing on a bush. He was delighted, and gave a horse, a dog, and a sword to each boy.

The boys staid at home till they were grown up. All at once one of the boys asked where all the people were, and said to his brother, as he hung his sword over the door, "I am going to search for people. If a spot appears on my knife while I am gone, there will be something wrong with me."

He travelled until he saw some old stumps, passed them, and soon saw some fresh ones. He travelled till he found a city. At one end of the town he saw a shanty. He rode up to it and found an old woman. He asked her why the town was draped in black. The old woman replied that the king's last daughter was to be fed that day to the snake with seven heads. So the youth waited with Nokum, his grandmother. About four o'clock in the afternoon he saw a band, led by a woman, going west from the town; then he rode through the bushes, and watched till they went back, leaving the girl. He rode to the place where the girl was, and spoke to her. The girl said, "Pretty young man, go back, this is the last of my days!"

The youth told her to mount behind him; then he took his sword and spoke to his horse and dog, saying, "Every time I strike, you bite."

He waited there until night, when he saw Seven-Heads come. "Ah!" said the monster, "I shall have two meals instead of one!" — "You will have to work for them!" replied the youth; and he rode up and struck at the beast, while his mare and dog each bit off a head. He struck again, and again, until he struck off the seventh head. Then the girl jumped off and kissed him. "I will marry you!" she cried, "but shall have to tell the story of this adventure to the king."

The youth said to the girl, "I will take the seven tongues," and he wrapped them in her handkerchief. He ordered her to go home, and told her where he staid.

When she came home, the king's porter, black from head to foot from working in the coals, saw the girl, and asked her why she returned. She told him that some one had destroyed the brute that was to eat her. The porter said he would kill her if she did not tell the king that he had killed it. The girl was frightened, and consented. Then the porter caught her up and threw her in the coal-barrow, and made her nose bleed. He put blood on the shovel and the picks, on his hands and feet, and then took the girl home. The king came out, and saw the porter with the girl in his wheel-barrow. She jumped out,

and the king took his daughter. When he heard the porter's story, he got three or four men and had a bath made, in which they washed him clean, and dressed him like a king, ready to be married.

Meanwhile the girl called a meeting of all the young men in town, who were to tell the stories of their lives. All came that night, and they even sent for the youth who lived in the shanty outside of the town. He was the last to talk. The others each began in turn. The porter told how he killed the seven-headed monster with his shovels. The young man came next. He went before the king, and told how he had come to town, and what he had seen. Now, the porter was frightened, and wanted to go out and urinate; but the king made him stay. The porter begged, and said he was suffering; but he was compelled to stay. The hero told how he killed Seven-Heads, and showed the seven tongues in the princess's handkerchief. Then the porter was taken out and burned alive; but the youth married the girl, and they had a big ball.

All at once the groom saw a little light, and asked the bride what it was. She said to him, "You must never go there. A bad old woman lives there, and whoever goes never returns." But her husband was anxious, and waited till his wife slept. He then clothed himself and went to the stable, saddled his horse, took his dog with him, and went off toward the light. He journeyed to the door of the house whence it came, and an old woman came out. She told him she was afraid of his dog, but he said that it would not hurt her. She, however, continued to say that she was afraid, and at last she persuaded the young man to tie his dog with a hair from her head. He reached for her hair, and then and there he became a tombstone along with his dog and horse.

At that time his brother saw rust on the knife, and told his father that his brother was in some trouble. He mounted his horse and went to look for his brother; and soon he found the old grandmother's house, and entered. The old woman gave him food, but he asked for his brother. The old Nokum told him all about him. She said she had told him not to go, but that he had gone nevertheless. She added that his brother had married the king's daughter. The other brother rode on till he arrived at the castle, when his sister-in-law came out, ran up to him, kissed him, and asked him where he had been. They were walking on the veranda, when the boy asked her about the light. His sister-in-law said, "I told you before, you must not go there."

Then he knew his brother must be there. He went to bed with his sister-in-law, but ran away when she went to sleep. He arose quickly, went to the stable, mounted his horse, and rode up to the light. The same happened to him as to his brother. The old woman told him to tie his dog, as she was afraid of it. He guessed that his brother must be there; so he demanded his brother of the old woman, threatening to

kill her. The old woman brought a little bottle out of the cellar, and told the youth to put some on the stones and they would turn back to life. He killed the old woman, threw her into the cellar, dropped some liquid on the stones, and revived many people with the contents of the bottle. He also revived his brother, and they went back to the king's castle.

It was morning, and they walked to the door. The brother-in-law asked his sister-in-law which was which, but she could not tell. She took both in, and had a great dinner, to which she invited the whole town. Then the king asked for the father and mother of the lads. He gave them garments and horses to go back for a visit. They started for home; and when they got there, their parents were in tears, thinking them dead. They even found their parents in bed. They took them back to the city, and left their old home and staid in the king's castle.

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